THE IOLA REGISTER.

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IOLA, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

TOO LATE.

Too late, too late! The work is done,
The deadly mischief wrought;
The evil vast that was begun
In one unhindered thought.

One cruel word no gracious speech
Hereafter can recall;
The shaft beyond all human reach,
Though lodged in sight of all.

A moment's thought that thought to still!
To hush that cruel word,
And not a single breath of ill
The quiet air had stirred.

O God of Love! Could we but learn
Thy mercy for one day,
The tide of hate would backward turn,
And peace on earth find sway.

—*Harriet M. Kimball, in Youth's Companion.*

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VIOLA ——;

—OR—

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Myra, you had ought to open an orphan's asylum," he replied, laughing. "But I must be off." Blanche expected me last night. I'm sorry about this thing, sis, but I wouldn't worry about it, it will all come out right, I guess. May be your foundling has gone back to France to look up her pedigree—who knows?" and with a pleasant laugh he shut the door and sprang into his wagon, and giving the two beautiful "gray's" a loose rein, was soon out of sight.

A little silence followed his departure, Mrs. Anderson nervously rolling and unrolling the hem of her apron, and glancing covertly at Ralph, who was moving restlessly about. Presently he came up to his father, who was sitting with his chin buried in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Father, aren't you going to look her up?" he broke out, impetuously. "Because it's a year ago, and somebody has a spite against her, is that any reason why *we* shouldn't love her just as well, and try to find her? May be she is in some alms-house somewhere, and cannot get to us. Let *me* go, father, I'm big enough to go alone, now. I won't give up till I find her if she is in the United States."

Ralph's hurried speech was interrupted by the entrance of Ned Bradlee, who had bought a quarter section of Government land a mile or so up the river, erected a log house on it, and lived, as he expressed it, in the "tallest kind of clover."

"Makin' a Fourth o' July oration 'Squire?" he cried out, "cos if you are, I want you to pile on something pretty steep about this 'great and glorious West,' with it stupendous pasters and wavin' grain, and all that sort o' thing. I heerd a fellow du it down in Dixon last Independence, and I tell *you*, it was a leetle the sublimest thing *I* ever heerd. I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from shouting glory right straight along. 'Twas most equal to the way I heerd a fellow spread himself up to Boston once, 'bout the Pilgrims."

"We have had a letter from Gordon that has been a year on the way, and he says that Viola bame back three days after we left, and he sent her right on after us the next morning," Ralph said, excitedly, interrupting him.

"Sho! you don't say so! Well, if that ain't curis—well, I declare!"

"And Uncle Tom thinks it's no use doing anything about it, just because it's a year ago! Suppose 'tis a year—who cares? I guess if it was Blanche, he wouldn't mind if it had been half a dozen years!" he cried, with rising color.

"Softly! You're full of fire as a keg of gunpowder. Let's hear the story, neighbor," turning to Anderson.

"Well, it's the most onlikely thing to happen to common folks *I* ever heard," he said, thoughtfully, when the letter had been read, and various comments and speculations had been made on it. "It's almost equal to 'Lonzo and Meliss'—I don't spose *you* ever read that, Ben? It isn't just your style, I'll allow, but it's powerful interestin'; beats Pilgrim's Progress ten to one, and I've an idea it's jest about as true. But that's neither here nor there. *I* say go after the gal, and if you want any help, there's a quarter section of prairie in Winnebago County that would jump at the chance to lay itself out in the cause, and here's my hand on it, neighbor—not a particularly handsome one, perhaps, but I *know* it's honest."

"And so do I, my old friend," Mr. Anderson said, smiling faintly; "but it is blind working now. If I had got the letter direct, the railroad men could have given me something to go by; but it has been too long to hope for that now. There's always been a mystery hanging about the child since her mother died, leaving her name, even, in doubt."

"Oh, that reminds me," interrupted Bradlee, "who do you guess I see down in the city to-day? But of course you can't guess, and mebby you've forgot all about him. But I knew him the minute I see him. You rememember that tall, stylish lookin' chap who come down from Plymouth, and who was in the Le Brun, and"—

"What, DeVries?" exclaimed Anderson.

"Yes, that is the name. I couldn't remember, though I knew it had a sort of onrighteous sound to it," he said, laughing.

"But how came he here?" asked Anderson.

"Well, I don't remember as I asked him. I believe, though, he said somethin' about havin' been here nigh about two year. He seemed to feel bad enough when I told him about Hummin' Bird. He said he remembered what a pretty little thing she was, and he put his hand up to his eyes, an' I wouldn't ha' believed he would been so put up. He's a pretty nice sort of a feller, I reckon."

"I wonder I have never happened to see him; but then I am not in town much. I'll ask Arnold about him; he will know," Mr. Anderson replied.

Ralph sat silent as they talked, but there came back to him the memory of that morning on Plymouth beach, and the little trunk under the dripping kelp, and the kneeling figure bending over it, and a faint dislike for this nice Mr. DeVries grew up vaguely in his heart.

The next morning Tom Arnold brought Blanche down to spend the day. She was growing very graceful and lady-like, and Ralph felt a faint sense of awkwardness in her presence, and was uncomfortably conscious of blushing when she looked at or spoke to him. She did not seem to notice it, however, but came and sat by him, and told him about her flowers and her pony, and the beautiful garden she was going to have if—well, if *he* would come up and help her a little. To be sure they had a gardener, but she wanted some one else. And then she just lifted the heavy lashes, and flashed a shy, trembling little glance into his face that was full of alluring appeal.

"I'd be so glad to come, Blanche, if you would let me," he said, eagerly, "and if you could put up with my awkwardness."

"*You* awkward, Cousin Ralph!" lifting her eyes in beautiful surprise to his face.

A whole volume could not have better expressed her admiration and confidence, or made a more vivid impression upon his boyish heart.

"Blanche," called her father, "you visit Althea Montford. Who is this De Vries that stops there?"

"Why, he is Mr. Alfred De Vries, Mr. Montford's business agent, private secretary and confidential friend. I thought you knew."

"Perhaps I did, but I had forgotten. It's two years, isn't it, since the Montfords came here?"

"Yes, two years this spring, papa."

This brought Viola to Ralph's mind, and he said:

"Father has concluded to go in search of some traces of our little Viola. I suppose Uncle Tom told you about the letter?"

"Yes, I think he mentioned something about it. Miscarried didn't it? I wonder why you trouble yourselves so much about that strange child, all of you. Of course it was splendid in you rescuing her mother and herself. I don't know as *I* would mind being shipwrecked if I was sure some nice, brave, handsome young fellow would rescue me just at the right moment."

When she first began Ralph felt half vexed at her careless tone, but the compliment, spoken and implied, mollified him immediately. And even while he was speaking of Viola, he was wondering if Blanche thought *he* was brave and handsome, and vaguely wishing she might fall into some litle peril from which he might rescue her.

"You see, Blanche," he said, "she was so alone in the world, so utterly friendless, that we couldn't help caring for her, and loving her. You know I had a little sister once, and I think we all loved her more for that reason. I know mother did."

"But she wasn't your sister. May be she was some miserable convict's child; there seemed such a mystery about her name, and her father. People—honest people—are never ashamed of their names. There must have been something wrong about them, and father says, though he's sorry because auntie feels so bad about it, he believes it is just as well if somebody else *has* looked out for her."

"I don't believe *she* was to blame, anyway," Ralph said, stoutly, "and I'd give a dozen farms like this, if I had them, to find her again."

"What a splendid Don Quixote you would make, to go out to the defense of distressed damsels!" she cried, with a little rippling laugh. And then she clasped her pretty white hands about his arm, and tossed the rippling hair back from her white shoulders, and looked up in his face with a little quick, admiring glance, that was altogether irresistible to poor, unsophisticated Ralph.

The farm work waited as a week went by—waited more patiently than Myra Anderson or Ralph—and still no word came from Ben Anderson as to the success of his search. Every night Ralph went to the office, but nothing came to them. Ned Bradlee ran down every evening, to "stretch his legs," he said, not quite willing to own how nervously anxious he was to hear if there was any news from Ben—or rather, from the lost girl.

But all waiting comes to an end at last, and the tenth day from that of his departure, Ben Anderson walked into his house as he had went—*alone*. His wife saw the grave look in his face, and her heart sank like lead. Unreasonable as it was, she had cherished a strong hope that he would find the child, and that very day she had taken the pretty dresses, and dainty ruffled skirts from their resting-place in the hair trunk, and spread them out where the sunshine and soft wind could touch them, wondering the while if she had grown much, and planning how she could make them larger and longer.

There was a little moment of suspense—a little dreading to ask on their part, and a little dreading to tell on his; then he said, in a low, husky tone:

"Our little girl is dead, Myra, we will never worry about her any more."

Then in the faint light of the soft May gloaming, with slantwise beams from the young moon in the west, falling across the floor till it touched the smouldering coals on the hearth, Ben Anderson told the story of his ten days' search.

First he had gone to Detroit to see Gordon; but Gordon did not keep the house now, and had moved out of the city, and no one seemed to know just where, though it was somewhere near Lake Huron. After two days of delay and inquiry, he found out that it was Saginaw. It was not accessible by rail, so he went up the lake in a boat, and reached it in that way. Of Gordon he learned the particulars of Viola's return. It was just at dusk, and the boarders and guests were seated at the supper table, when a little figure dashed through the door, and stopping, panting and breathless, before the table, ran her eyes up and down the long line of faces.

"It is Anderson's lost girl!" was the simultaneous exclamation from a score of lips.

"Where is he? I want my father Anderson!" she cried, bursting into passionate weeping.

He led her to the parlor, and she grew suddenly quiet and listened, with great solemn eyes, while he told her that her friends had gone on, after waiting for her a long time and thinking she was dead. At first she declared that she would go "right off;" but after explaining to her that she could not go till morning, she sat down content. But when he proposed writing to me to return for her, she grew wild again, and they were glad to pacify her by promising her she should go on the first train west.

Her account of her absence was vague and confused. Somebody, she didn't seem to know who, had promised to tell her something she wanted to know if she would go to walk with him. They hadn't gone very far when they came to a dark, dirty street, and somebody opened a door and caught her away from the side of her friend into a damp, cold place, where there was no windows, only two little panes of glass up high like a cellar. She thought she cried and screamed, but she couldn't really remember, she grew so sleepy ever since, till that night. Then she had opened her eyes and looked about and there was nobody in sight. She thought if only she could get away before any one came! She sprang off the bed and to the door but she could not reach the latch. She moved up a block of wood, and by standing on tiptoe unlatched the door, and without waiting an instant she darted out and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. She remembered the name of the house, and after coming by a good many streets she asked a lady, who pointed out the house, which was just in sight, and so she had come to it.

Mr. Gordon had blamed himself very much for letting her go as he had. But he had thought she would come through safely, she seemed so bright and fearless, and independent. He had paid her fare out of his own pocket as far as Chicago, and given her money to pay it the rest of the way. He had also given her in charge of the conductor, and then not quite satisfied had written that letter, and thought everything was all right and straight.

Then, taking Gordon with him, he had returned to Detroit to find the conductor. But he had been dead six months. Then he had stopped all along the route until at last he reached Michigan City, the then terminus of the road. It was a miserable, straggling little place, its long pier laid with railroad track, running far down from the "city" into the waters of the lake. The boat that was to take them across was nowhere in sight, and he went back to the hotel where they had taken supper a year ago when they came on. He related his errand to the landlord, and some way chanced to mention the child's name.

"Viola!" exclaimed a gentleman, looking up suddenly from his paper; "why, Reeves, that is the name on the little wooden cross old Brierly put up over the child that died at his place last summer. I noticed it because the name was odd and rather pretty."

Well, the result of it was he did not take the boat, but went out to see this Brierly, who lived about two miles away. He said he had found the child in the street, crying and bewildered, just after the boat had left one night. He took her home with him, where she was sick a good while and "crazy as a bear." She kept saying her name was "Viola, and nothing else," and so when she died he cut that name on a bit of wood, and put it up so as to show her friends if they ever came.

"But it may have been some other Viola," said Ralph, unwilling to believe that the bright, spirited little creature could die, as perhaps some other Viola had done.

"I think there is no doubt about it whatever. This Brierly is an old, eccentric, miserly fellow, who lives quite alone in a little hut near the lake, but, though he bears a rather bad name in the neighborhood, I think he did as well as he could by her, and I could forgive him a great deal for that," Mr. Anderson said, in a faltering voice.

"If only we had waited a little longer, Ben."

"Yes, but we did not know. For some reason God saw fit to take her from us in this sad way, but He knows best, wife, and all His ways are right."

And so the thought of a simple cross bearing the dear name, by the far-away, lonely lake shore, fell into their hearts a sad, and tender, and sacred memory, to be cherished and talked of, and remembered forever. But now a new trouble—or rather an old trouble renewed—came to haunt Myra Anderson's heart. Ralph declared his resolution to go to sea. This tame, monotonous farmer's life, fretted him more and more every day and week. All through the summer he dwelt upon it, and not even the graceful fascinations of his beautiful cousin could drive it away.

"Let the boy go," Tom Arnold said; "one voyage will cure him. It's as natural for a Massachusetts boy to want to go to sea as it is to take to the girls. I don't believe in trying to force a boy to stay at home if his heart is set on going."

"But father—Tom," she faltered.

"Yes, Myra, but because *his* ship went down, it's no sign Ralph's will. You and I can never forget that; it weaned me from the sea—I never want to look on its treacherous face again!" he stopped abruptly and leaned over and drew his sister's face to his bosom and kissed it.

"O Tom, I cannot let him go!" she moaned.

"But he *will*, Myra; you may depend on that. The lad has got a will of his own, may be you know."

Ralph was seventeen in October. He had worked faithfully all the summer, but when the harvest was all gathered, he said, firmly:

"I am going to sea in the spring, father. I want you and mother to consent. I want to go away man-fashion, but one thing, I *shall* go. I am sick of this prosy life,—why, sometimes I long so for the spray breaking over the rocks, for the swash of the waves, the roar and tumble of the surf, and the scent of the salt breeze coming up from the strong lungs of old ocean, that it is like a sharp pain, and I cannot help crying out, and catching my breath as if I was falling from some dizzy height!"

"I shall never consent to your going while you are under me," Ben Anderson said, with iron determination.

"Then I shall go without your consent. I *will* go!" was the low, resolute answer, the frank boyish face growing white, and firm, and set.

"Silence!" commanded Anderson, sternly. "How dare you talk so to me, boy?"

"I only said the truth, father. You always brought me up to speak the truth, and to avoid hypocrisy and deceit. I'd scorn to go away unbeknown to you, and make believe I didn't mean to go, for I do; and I tell you so openly and plainly—I shall go if Heaven spares my life!"

"You shall not!" Ben Anderson's face was alight with sudden fire, and there was a hard ring in his usually quiet voice.

"We will wait and see," Ralph answered, unflinchingly.

The winter slipped away and the matter was not again referred to between them. Ralph was apparently contented and happy, joining with eager zest in all the winter sports gotten up by the young people, entering with his characteristic impetuousness into both work and play, and his father congratulated himself on having conquered the rebellious spirit of the boy. "There is nothing like unyielding firmness in dealing with one of these passionate natures," he said, with a feeling of intense self-satisfaction.

It never occurred to Ben Anderson that the boy had his own stubborn will. His theory was that obedience was the first law of a child. The natural instincts and intuition were to be *crushed* out, if they run counter to the judgment and wishes of the parent. Years and experience fitted him to judge what was best and most proper for the child, and he considered it his solemn duty, assigned him by Heaven, to thus bend and control the future life of the child by deciding for him. With his rigid idea of "responsibility," it will be readily seen that Ralph's chance of choosing for himself was extremely small, unless his choice chanced to coincide with his father's plans. Ever since the morning, when, after a night of feverish anxiety, his mother had stolen softly out and whispered with a proud smile that "Myra had got a fine, great boy," had his resolution been taken as to what that boy should be if God spared him to grow up. While he lived East it seemed sometimes as if he might be dooming the lad to a hard life, and he sometimes feared necessity would force him to abandon his long-cherished plans, but now there was no necessity. It looked to him as if Providence had led him hither expressly to open the way for the realization of his desires. And if sometimes a faint longing for the land of his nativity stirred vaguely in his heart, and old memories came, *this* thought comforted and strengthened and encouraged him: Ralph could be a farmer without sacrificing his chances for comfort and independence, for the home in the West gave promise of at least that, if not of extravagant wealth.

One gusty March night he came home from Cherry Valley, and though it was dark, and had been for a good half hour, there was no light anywhere visible in the house, and no sign of life about the place. A vague sort of presentiment seized him, and he hurried into the house. His wife sprang up hastily as if from sleep, and called his name in a quick, startled voice.

"Why Myra, why are you sitting here in the dark? I feared something had happened," he said, in a relieved tone.

She came forward through the dim, uncertain dusk, and laid her hand on her husband's arm.

"O Ben—where has *he* gone?" she cried, in a faint, dry whisper, that sounded strange and unearthly in the silence and gloom.

He caught her arm in a grasp so fierce that a slight cry of pain escaped her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ancient English Oaks.

Among the ancient oaks of England few are more interesting than the gigantic ruin now standing in an arable field on the banks of the Severn, near Shrewsbury. It is the sole remaining tree of those vast forests which gave Shrewsbury its Saxon name of Schobbesburgh. The Saxons seized this part of the country A. D. 577, when they burnt the Roman city of Uriconium, where Wroxeter now stands, four miles from the village of Cressage; and underneath this now decrepit dotard it is said that the earliest Christian missionaries of those times—and possibly St. Chad himself—preached to the heathen before churches had been built. The Cressage Oak—called by the Saxons Criste-ache (Christ's Oak)—is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trunk was about thirty feet, measured fairly at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A young oak grows from the center of the hollow.

The noted oaks of England, thanks to those who have preserved them, thanks to the universal veneration for timber, and to a stirring and lengthened history, are innumerable. Windsor Forest is particularly rich in historic oaks, and Sherwood Forest, though disafforested, still contains some memorial timber, like Needwood, once a crown forest, now a fine estate of well-farmed land. Dryden's

"Three centuries he grows and three he stays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays,"

is a poetical statement, and some of the dates on trees cut down in Sherwood Forest, and marked 600 years before, in the time of King John, prove that it is an under-estimate. The great Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, was called the "Old Oak" in the time of the Conqueror, and has been supposed to have attained the age of 1,500 years. The King Oak in Windsor Forest is upward of 1,000 years old.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

—At the Alexandria Palace, in London, an American gentleman looked at some stereoscopic views of this country, and was somewhat surprised to find one labeled "View of New York City from the Illinois shore.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—A newly-arrived cook, engaged in a Philadelphia family, opened a watermelon the other day for the first time in her life. Two minutes afterwards she was seen vigorously dusting the inside with roach poison.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Youths' Department.

BABY IN CHURCH.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And mamma had said, as she settled it 'round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud:
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note, clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one.
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"*Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!*"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain.
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours and all the rest,
That we wait, may be, for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

—*Minnie M. Gow, in N. Y. Independent.*

A MODERN WOOD DEITY.

In very ancient times, when men believed that almost every mountain and river, brook and grove, was presided over by a deity of some sort, it was said that nectar and ambrosia were the drink and food of these gods. Because those old poets and philosophers indulged in those fine stories about nymphs and satyrs, fawns, naiads and dryads, we call them heathen; but, after all, their myths, like the fictions of our own writers, are beautiful and entertaining. I have often thought of a charming story which might be written by some imaginative boy or girl about a wood deity which haunts some of the groves of America. It can be said with much truth that nectar and ambrosia fill the cups and pots of this bright and joyous being. I have seen him sipping nectar more fragrant than the fabled sweets of Hybla and Hymettus. This is saying much, for Hybla used to be the most famous town in the world for its honey, and Hymettus was a mountain, southeast of Athens, in Greece, where the bees stored their combs with the purest distillations from the flowers. But I have looked into the clean, curiously wrought cups of our American grove-god, when they were full to overflowing with clear fluid. I have even tasted the nectar, although the cups were so small that only the merest bit of my tongue could enter. It is slightly acrid, this nectar, but it has in its taste hints, so to speak, of all the perfumes and sweets of the winds and leaves and flowers—a fragrance of green wood when cut, and of the inner tender bark of young trees. And a racy flavor, too, which comes from the aromatic roots of certain of our evergreens, is sometimes discoverable in it.

The being of which I speak is an industrious little fellow. Many times I have watched him making pots to catch nectar in, and cups to hold the precious ambrosia. These he hollows out so neatly that they all look alike, and he arranges them in rows around the bole of a tree—sometimes a maple, often an ash, may be a pine, and frequently a cedar. He has a great many of these pots and cups—so many, indeed, that it seems to keep him busy for a great part of the day drinking their delicious contents. He has very quiet ways, and you must be silent and watchful if you wish ever to see him. He rarely uses his voice, except when disturbed, and then he utters a keen cry and steals off through the air, soon disappearing in the shadows of the woods.

In the warm, dreamful weather of our early spring days you may find him by keeping a sharp lookout for the pots, which are little holes or pits bored through the bark and through the soft outer ring of the wood of certain trees. Very often you can find rings and rings of these pits on the trunks of the apple-trees of the orchards, every one of them full of nectar.

And now you discover that, after all, my winged grove deity is nothing but a little bird that many persons call by the undignified but very significant name of Sap-sucker! Well, what of it? My story is truer than those of the old Greek and Latin poets, for mine has something real in it, as well as something beautiful and interesting. I suspect that many of the ancient myths are based upon the facts of nature and are embellished with fantastic dressing, just as some imaginative boy or girl might dress up this true story of our sap-drinking woodpecker.

In fact, how much happier, how much more redolent of joyous sweets, is the life of this quiet bird than that of such beings—if they could have existed—as those with which the ancients peopled their groves and mountains! Think of flying about on real wings among the shadows of the spring and summer woods, alighting here and there to sip real nectar and ambrosia from fragrant cedar pots!—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

"Boy Wanted."

Passing along the streets of this great, bustling city, the passer-by often sees in the windows of the business houses a placard with the inscription: "Boy Wanted," and as there are thousands of boys who want places, and will make application for them, we will tell them in advance, for nothing, just the kind of a boy that is "wanted."

The boy that is "wanted" must be active, intelligent, cleanly in his habits, quick to learn, obedient, truthful, and, above all, he must be honest. Honesty is the pearl of great price in a boy, as it is in a man, and no boy is "wanted" anywhere in the wide world outside of the Penitentiary or State Reform School who is destitute of this essential qualification. The honest boy is certain to come to the front, and the dishonest boy is just as sure to take a back seat and keep it through life. The boy is not "wanted" in any establishment who will take a cent of his employer's money, for the boy who steals a cent will by and by steal a dollar, and after that a hundred and a thousand dollars. The honest boy remembers the couplet his good mother taught him in the nursery rhyme—

It is a sin
To steal a pin.

Every day we read in the newspapers of men who have gone wrong, become defaulters, embezzlers, thieves and rascals, most of whom were probably not the right sort of boys on the start. They began by being "sharp" and dishonest in little things, and the bad habit grew upon them until they ended their lives in the State's Prison, a disgrace to themselves, and a burning shame to their acquaintances.

The boy who is "wanted" is the boy who does not need watching. He is true to his employer under all circumstances, because he is true to himself. He does not shirk when he is at work alone out of sight, but does his best, as if a thousand eyes were upon him. "Poor Richard's Almanac" says that "the eye of the master is worth one servant," by which is meant that hired men and women as well as boys need watching.

Boys are "wanted" everywhere—in the fields of the farmer, in the stores of the merchant, in the banks, at the hotels, in all the offices, and in every business place there is room for the honest, industrious boy. It will not be long before the boys who are "wanted" in these subordinate capacities, in which the pay is small and the responsibility slight, will be "wanted" to take charge of the immense business of this Nation, in place of the men who are now at the head of affairs. In a few years more the boys that are needed to-day to run errands and do trifling service, will be "wanted" in Congress, for railroad officers, for Governors, for legislators, editors, lawyers, ministers and merchants, and to take the responsible places in public and private affairs, in place of those who fall out by the way-side as the great army of humanity advances. The right kind of boys are "wanted" everywhere. No others need apply.—*Chicago Journal.*

Trixie and Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. Howe had a caller. The caller's name was Mrs. Roberts. Nina showed her into the parlor, and then went up stairs to help Mrs. Howe, who was dressing as fast as she could. Trixie was in mamma's room, looking at pictures.

"It is Mrs. Roberts, ma'am," said Nina.

"Oh, bother!" sighed Mrs. Howe, she always stays so long, and dinner will be ready in ten minutes."

Trixie put down her book, and leaving the room, went slowly down stairs, and finally stopped at the parlor door. Mamma had often told her not to go in there without permission, but this naughty little girlie dearly loved to have her own way, and as she stood there she said to herself: "I never saw that lady before; I should fink it would be more politer if I would go and talk to her till my mamma is comed down." So in she went. When Mrs. Roberts saw her she said: "Well, well! whose little girl is this? Come and sit in my lap, and give me a sweet, sweet kiss. Now, little pet, what is your name?"

"Trixie, and I am four years old next S'tember."

"Dear me, how dreadfully old you are getting, to be sure! What will you do when you are four?"

Trixie thought hard for a minute, and then said: "I finks p'raps I will keep a candy store,—yes, and pop-corn, too; because Dick likes pop-corn," she explained.

"Who is Dick? your canary bird?"

Trixie's brown eyes opened wide, and such an abused look crept over the little face. "I fink you is not a very good lady to call my Dick canary bird. I want to get down."

"Oh, wait a minute," said Mrs. Roberts, "I know who Dick is now; he is your little cousin; his name is Dicky Bradford, and his mamma lives in the second house from this one. I have just called on her."

"Oh!" cried Trixie, "and did you st y a wery long time?"

"Oh, no, only a little while."

"Is you going to stay a long time here?"

"I don't know. Do you want me?"

Trixie shook her head most decisively.

"Is you going to stay to dinner?"

"Not to-day. But why do not you want me to stay, Trixie?"

"Because my mamma does not want you. When Nina told her you was comed she said (puckering up her small face, and looking, oh, so cross!): 'Bosser! she always stays so long;' and then she said somesin about dinner." Trixie looked puzzled for a minute, and then her face brightened: "I guess it was that you had better not try to stay to dinner. Oh, here's my mamma! Mamma," running to meet her, "Mrs. Roberts isn't going to stay to dinner, and she isn' going to stay a long time, either."

Trixie was quite right. Mrs. Roberts did not stay a long time, but it was a very long time before she came to see mamma again.—*Chicago Advance.*

—A duel was recently fought at Petersville, Lewis County, Ky., between J. E. Lang and Milton Lykins, rival tobacco-dealers. The weapons used were tobacco-sticks four feet long and three inches in diameter, and the conflict lasted seventy minutes, three rounds being fought. Lang won the battle, but both men were terribly punished. After being arrested the combatants made up and paid their respective fines. The left arm of each of the contestants was broken, and their heads were a mass of frightful wounds.

—A writer in Ysletta, El Paso County, Tex., claims that place was settled as early as 1540, and that the deeds to the church property in the place are 150 years old.